



Wedding Bells Ring For Houston Officers

This afternoon Miss Margarete Claxton of Washington, D.C., will become the bride of Ensign Barrows, popular young Houston officer. The wedding will be solemnized at the All Saints Church, Los Angeles.

This past Wednesday Miss Elsie Robottom, daughter of our former Executive Officer, was married to Ensign Robert Burdick, former Houston officer, in a very colorful ceremony at St. Lukes Church in Long Beach.

On the fourth of June Miss Madeline Kelleher Johnstone of New London, Conn., became the bride of Lt. (jg) Williams, former Houston officer. This past week the Williams visited friends in Long Beach while on their way to Honolulu where Mr. Williams will have duty on the S-34.

Marine Officers Detached

This week saw the transfer of Capt. John E. Curry and 2d Liuet. Herbert H. Williamson. Capt. Curry has been CO of the Marine Detachment for the last 19 months and left for the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., last Tuesday for duty. Lieut. Williamson received his orders for transfer to Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

In addition to these two marine officers, Lt. (jg) A. L. Young and Ensign Johnson (USNR) were also detached. Mr. Young who for the past thirty-two months of his three years on the Houston has been Second Division Officer, was transferred to the Brazos. Ensign Johnson, having completed his two weeks of active duty returned to Oakland, Calif., where he is practicing law.

Houston's Seventh Birthday Thursday

7 YEARS is a long time in the life of any man-o'-war. That is the length of time which has elapsed since the commissioning of the U.S.S. Houston at Newport News, Virginia, on the 17th of June, 1930. To those of us who have been fortunate enough to participate in all or part of the picturesque career of the Rambler Ship, those years have been memorable ones filled with never-to-be-forgotten events and splendid cruises.

The ports in which the Houston's anchors have been dropped would read like the combined itineraries of several world cruises. She has threaded the channels of inland rivers and canals and most of the world's fabulous seven seas. She has dipped her colors in greeting to and swung at anchor with the ships of the world: Her companions have been sleek liners and grim warships flying the colors of all the maritime nations of the earth; oddly shaped junks and sampans of China and Japan and the Philippine Islanders' outrigger canoes with brightly painted sails have played tag with her slender clipper bow.

Her propellers have churned the waters of the world's great ports: New York, San Francisco, Southampton, Rotterdam, La Havre, Norfolk, Charleston, Houston, Kobe, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Honolulu, Valparaiso, Panama City, Seattle—and many other far flung places have greeted her. Under her bows have slid much green water and behind her lies hundreds of thousands of sea miles.

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Navy Mothers Clubs Convention Closed

The Navy Mothers Clubs of America closed their fourth annual convention yesterday with the election of officers and a dinner at the Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles.

Former adjutant, Mrs. Nell E. Evans, of Portland, Oregon, was re-elected national commander, a position she well deserves.

It is of interest to note the following facts concerning this splendid woman who has been mainly responsible for organizing the mothers of Navy men on a national scale.

When the first Presidential Cruise ended in Portland, Oregon, three years ago this month, Mrs. Evans entertained a large group of the Houston's enlisted men with a house party at her Portland home. At that time she had one son in the service, but had never heard of the organization which she now heads. Frenchy Godaire, Shipfitter 2c, still attached to the Rambler Ship, sent "Mom" Evans copies of *Our Navy* magazine because of her intense interest in the service and in appreciation of her kindness.

In one of those issues a short article mentioned the NMC group which had been getting its start in a small area in Texas; immediately Mrs. Evans became interested and shortly thereafter had started organizing Portland's club, now one of the largest in the country with more than one hundred members. At the first convention she was elected national adjutant which was another way of assuring the quick success of the organization which works only for the

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—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

A weekly publication, published by the ship's company of the U.S.S. HOUSTON, Captain G. E. Baker, U.S.N., Commanding and Commander C. A. Bailey, U.S.N., Executive Officer.

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Navy Mothers Clubs Convention Closed

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good of the thousands of men in active service. From a few clubs in two states, the past three years has seen Navy Mothers Clubs spring into being in every city on the West Coast with numerous other units forming in cities of nearly every state in the Union.

Most of this broad scale organizing has been the work, directly or otherwise, of this grand lady and untiring worker who has traveled extensively up and down the coast, all through the West and to New York and Washington in the interests of the enlisted men of the Navy.

There follows a list of the ladies elected to other national offices at the Los Angeles convention:

Mrs. Leta Bond, Houston, Tex., and Mrs. Marie Shaidel, Los Angeles, were elected vice commanders; Mrs. Beth Kinney, Denver, adjutant; Mrs. C. K. Vernon, Pharr, Tex., finance officer; Mrs. Bessie Boysel, Palo Alto, judge advocate; Mrs. Harriet Baumert, Burlington, Iowa, chaplain; Mrs. Margaret Worley, Dallas, and Mrs. Jessie Michaels, Long Beach, matrons-at-arms; Mrs. Adelaide Holmes, Salt Lake City and Mrs. C. C. Lemon, Enid, Okla., color bearers, and Ida B. Thom, San Diego, national organizer.

Congratulations to the charming lady who is known to her friends in the fleet simply as "Mom," and to the other grand women who give so much of their time for our welfare. May they find the success they so richly merit.

—Dietzman Hall.

"John, you had better keep your eyes open when you go to New York."

"Why?"

"People would think you were a bit off if you went around with them shut."



Dear Sal,

Land o' goshin'—as grandma usta mutter when a tryin' to find her uppers without her specs—you're a goin' to be right proud o' me, Sal. With all this sash-shayin' back and forth from one port o' call to another and a traipsin shoreward to new beaches I'm a gettin' to be a regular globe hurdler o' tha first water.

We're a stickin' tha ship's prow into a new harbor and us lads'll be gawkin' at tha sights by tha time old Angus'll be a slippin' this wee note in your mail box. Most beings would be a spoutin' their chest out like puter pigeons a doin' a struttin' act for their females, but you know me Sal—allus tha common herd every time.

Tha skipper says to me real confidential like when we were a skippin' over tha waves in two-four time. "Gus take 'er over. I'm a goin' below for a snooze."

"Aye, aye," says I, "you dinna could put tha ship in a better way. Tell all hands they can turn in and sleep tha sleep o' tha contented because they'll be as safe as goslin's with tha old gander a standin' by."

Being alone that way sorta sat me to thinkin'. I got to figgerin' out tha whys and wherefores o' tha rolls and heaves o' tha ship over tha briny waves. Says I, thinkin' out loud, if I just hit these waves right, to a duck's eyebrow, tha ship'll act like a cradle.

Cut in a cradle song on all circuits and it wasn't long by experimentin' till I got tha speed just right. Tha ship started gently heavin' to tha strains o' tha sleep producin' lullabye.

And snorin', Sal—Tha crew was blastin' a hum to tha high heavens till tha fish started a pokin' their eyes outa tha wet a wonderin' at tha din.

That's tha way it was. Brought tha ship to port with nary a scratch, and tha yawnin' bugler had to bear down

Battalion Of Death Blasts

After a long absence THE SEA-SOLDIERS finally managed to get back into print with the latest news from "frame 202-L."

Pfc. Golaszewski, "mad man" of doghouse fame, finally got his 30 days leave and furlough transfer to Brooklyn Navy Yard. So long, Ski, we hope you enjoy your leave. "Hank" Armiger and "Chic" Bolan, our erstwhile corporals are standing by for 30 days (they hope) furlough transfer to points east.

A. J. Eden, our new Platoon Sergeant, was promoted to First Sergeant on 3 June and was immediately ordered transferred to the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. Saratoga. 'Nice goin' Jack, but I'll bet you miss good old berth GEORGE.'

We're sorry to have to report that "Curley" Stockton is ill (or something), at least the last night's liberty in Long Beach was missed.

We are also wondering what is making "Herby" the Mermaid-man, grey haired. It couldn't be the gals, could it, Herby?

Our up and coming Police Sergeant "Snuffy," is on the verge of making a padded cell. "Come on, now, it's time to get out of that sack—Do your share boys, pick up your own clothes."

Then there's the one about a certain sea-soldier coming back from liberty, 'lit up like an Xmas tree' and going to the Top Soldier with a sad tale of woe. That won't get you a transfer Freiheit, the Top only puts out weeping slips.

That seems to be about all the dope now but all you sea-soldiers better put out the GEE-DUNKS to "ye dopster" or I'll dish the dirt about Ventura.

Why are you crying, sonny?

Mother has drowned all the kittens. That is a shame.

Yes, she said I could do it.

heavy on reveille to get tha lads into the boats for shore leave.

No sir, Sal, I'm not proud. But tell tha Simsonville band I'd be mighty all fired tickled if they'd blast out a tune for my homecomin'.

Love,

Gus.



Greetings Friends and Shipmates! Here's that man again. . . Perhaps the skipping of last week's broadcast gave you that longed for rest and it is possible more than a few hoped that Adam Chatterbox had left the air never to clutter it with his garrulous gossip again. No such luck gentle listeners. . . Most everything else, both good and bad, comes to an end, but your purveyor of News that's Nosey goes on—in perpetuum, non obstante!

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Perfect Party: If you couldn't go to the dance and party given as our farewell gesture to Captain Baker and Commander Robotom, you missed one of the nicest affairs of its kind ever. Everything went along smoothly, just as planned. Nothing worth mentioning happened to mar a perfect evening, even if it was an informal unrestricted frolic. Behavior was left up to the individual and it couldn't have been better.

When the beautiful etchings of the Houston underway were presented to our esteemed leaders, Captain Baker thanked all hands with a few sincere words of appreciation: "I am deeply touched. . . it is hard to find words to express the way I feel. Thanks so much. . . The past two years spent with the splendid officers and men of the Houston have been the happiest of my life and I shall never forget the pleasure it has given me. . ." Our beloved Commander echoed the Captain's thanks with: "There isn't much more that I can say. . . You have never failed us; you've been perfect—I have never been privileged to serve with finer men and I shall always remember you. Thanks and here's hoping we'll all be shipmates again sometime."

Congratulations to Committee: To all those who helped to manage the party thanks and high praise for a fine piece of work; the results were worth the effort. **Adam Adds:** I have contacted nearly every one who joined in the fun and haven't found one person who would say they failed to enjoy every minute of it. With one voice they all said, "It was a grand party!" . . . That's that.

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Camera Catches Crowd: Most of the pretty feminine faces and handsome male mugs were caught smiling in the large group picture taken by the Miller Photo Service in the Biltmore Ballroom. It is an unusually good photo of its kind—clear cut and well finished. **Adam Overheard:** A seaman looking at picture—"That's the first time I've seen "Yap Yap" Campbell with his mouth closed.

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Dinner Deserted: One day during the noon meal liberty call sounded unexpectedly. Every Golden Grainer sat bolt upright, some grabbed a sandwich, all dashed from the tables and literally fell down the hatches in their hurry to dress and make the first boat. **Adam Asks:** What is this strange power Navy Wives wield over otherwise hard to sway men?

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Seaman Sleeps: Lucas, who skips No. 1 motor launch was seen reading a paper dated May 31st on June the 18th. . . with this blazing headline: "Nazi Warship Shells Spanish Port." **Adam** wondered why he should be so completely interested in a three weeks old newspaper. Questioning brought to light this fact: The lad had not heard of the world rocking incident and thought he was reading up-to-the-minute news. From now on the name is "Unconscious" Lucas.

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Seaman Surprised: First Division Gun Striker Martin explained his badly sliced face this way: "I asked a guy, 'Are you tough?' The answer was 'No,' but when I went to work on that basis I found he was a liar!"

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Poker Points: Of course no one in the Navy is interested in this innocent pastime sometimes called "Ace in the Hole," but here 'tis: The odds in a poker deal are: 5 to 4 against a pair;

20 to 1 against two pairs; 46 to 1 against three of a kind; 254 to 1 against a straight; 508 to 1 against a full house; 4,164 to 1 against four of a kind; 64,973 to 1 against a straight flush; and 649,739 to 1 against a royal flush. **Adam Adds:** Perhaps that explains why I've never caught that one card needed for a straight or flush.

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Chance Glimpses: Curley-headed Bunting Tosser Swede Olsen, went stag to the Ship's Dance but he was seen squiring three of the prettiest girls there. What's the answer to that? Nonresistance or masculine appeal. . . Nicolette used to go bundling in the good old days—but now, he's wondering what has happened to the newer generation and longs for other days. . . **Tureen Twirler Coats,** 4th Division, was seen romancing a young lady very much his junior on the Pike. (San Quentin Quail, is the expression.) . . . Saw a letter addressed: Mr. "Tilliknowyoubetter." This letter was delivered to Ashcraft of the 3d Division. **Adam** wonders how Joe West made that deduction. . . "Caliban" Berg insists that the \$25.00 spent entertaining Miss Lillian Bond one evening while in Frisco was well spent. This lad whose romantic adventures make Anthony Adverse and Casanova look like amateurs now has an unlimited fund of first hand information on all Hollywood (or is it Culver City) celebrities. Don't bother about asking though, he'll tell you anyway. . . One of the numerous snappy blondes that infest the Pike has "B" Division's Eliasson mooning around and talking in his sleep. What happened to the Vallejo heart throb, Whitey? . . . Those letters headed "Michael Darling" have Stepanfetchit Wauk moving around in a trance. (But not very fast.)

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This and That: The following despatch was received by Mail Orderly West: San Diego—Eleventh. Unable to attend Ship's Dance—Please convey our sincere regrets to the committee. Best wishes. Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. McGlynn. **Adam Adds:** We're sorry, too. Mr. and Mrs. McGlynn are charming people and it would have been nice to have had one more evening of fun together before they left for their new station at Boston Navy Yard.

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U.S.S. Houston was sponsored by Miss Elizabeth Holcombe, of Houston, Texas, taking the name of that city in memory of General Houston.

The U.S.S. Houston is one of the heavy cruisers, 600 feet long with a beam of 66 feet, draws 21 feet of water and displaces 12,500 tons at full load. She is propelled by four turbine engine units, each unit connected to an individual propeller, and develops a total of 108,000 horsepower at a top speed of 33 knots. The main battery consists of three triple eight-inch gun turrets, four five-inch anti-aircraft guns. Four seaplanes are carried on board and may be launched from two catapults.

On board the Houston you will find a barber shop, post office, library, notion store, general kitchen or galley, general store, clothing store, print shop, soda fountain, laundry, telephone exchange, and telegraph office. There is a dispensary, sick bay, operating room and dental office.

The Houston's power plant is capable of providing sufficient power which, if used for illuminating purposes, could supply a string of street lamps placed 12 feet apart, reaching from San Francisco to Shanghai.

She has a distilling plant to convert sea water to fresh water, with a capacity sufficient to provide each person of a city of 800,000, with a tumbler of water each day.

The length of the Houston may be compared with the length of two football fields placed end to end or the height of a 48 story building.

Dash To War Torn Shanghai

While undergoing routine overhaul in the Cavite Navy Yard, Philippine Islands, on the night of 31 February 1932, rush orders were received to proceed immediately to Shanghai, where hostilities had broken out be-

Seventh Birthday

(From Page 1.)

Many men have trod her sturdy decks and lived within her steel hull, which is more than just a grey shape, it has been a home and a happy one through all these years for many and the record of her service as a unit of our great naval forces is an enviable one. Her officers and men have always been proud of their ship and of themselves—may it always be so.

Nosey News 'Bout Ev'body

(From Page 3.)

Seaman Chick of the "V" Division won the nightly prize at the Wave Cafe: One bottle of good champagne. Printer Beckwith was on hand to help celebrate and tells us that when the sparkling liquid had done its work, Chick became playful and tried to bounce one of the expensive champagne glasses. (They won't bounce.) That little trick was the signal for the magic appearance of more cops, shore patrol, plain clothesmen, bouncers: even firemen, than you could shake a stick at. All they wanted to know was if he would pay for the glass or not! Note: He paid!

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Thanks for listenin' folks... Adam goes off the air with au revoir and I'll be snoopin' you.

tween China and Japan. American lives and interests were endangered. Within a few hours, the Houston was ready to sail, took aboard 250 marines to augment the 4th regiment, Marine Expeditionary Forces, in Shanghai. This ship broke all existing records by making the trip of 1,170 miles in 47 hours, under rough weather conditions. On arrival, the Marines and a blue jacket machine gun platoon were sent ashore for duty.

The Rambler Ship Rambles

On 13 March 1933, the Houston left Manila, on a good will tour through the southern Philippines, visiting Iloilo, Cebu, Davao, Dumanquilas Bay, and Zamboango. On 29 May 1933, a good will tour was made to Japan, visiting Yokohama and Kobe, returning to Tsingtao, China, by way of the famous Japanese Inland Sea. On 17 November 1933, after being relieved by the U.S.S. Augusta, the Houston departed from Shanghai for San



This Unit has been doing quite a bit of flying the past week. Radio and familiarization flights were scheduled practically every day.

All hands are busily engaged in packing and preparing for our transfer to the Fleet Air Base at San Diego next week.

The "V" Division received two new men last week: Rice, E., Sea1c and Morgan, C. H., Sea2c, from the "F" and Third Divisions respectively.

"Charlie" Noble has notified all hands that he firmly intends to reform and live on the Air Station during this Unit's sojourn in San Diego. Good resolution, "Charlie." (If kept.)

"Sunshine" Hollingsworth is going to check up on that new coat of paint he paid for on the Bastille in Chula Vista.

"Gunner" Swenson seems to have slipped back into his old habits over the past week.

"Pat" Readette has become disgusted with the San Diego ball club after seeing them play in Los Angeles. Maybe they are saving their good games for us, Pat, while we are in San Diego.

Gibson was heard enquiring as to what birds don't fly. Wonder why? Editor's note: There is one bird extant that doesn't fly, namely: the Whiffle Bird, which always walks backwards. Scientists have decided that this peculiarity is the result of a strange mental attitude; this queer creature doesn't give a damn about where he's going, he's interested only in where he's been.

Francisco, stopping at Yokohama en route. After an overhaul period in the Puget Sound Navy Yard, she joined the Scouting Force of the U.S. Fleet in Long Beach, California, and departed with the fleet for Atlantic ports early in 1934. Since that time, the Houston has had cruises to Alaska, Valparaiso, Chile, and two cruises with President Franklin D. Roosevelt.